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Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Symphonies.

BY "A FRIEND OF ART."

From the German.

The deepest insight into the nature and peculiar character of any Art is only possible when this Art has reached its culminating point, and when its efficacy is the greatest. Thus the Greeks, to whom the deepest nature of the plastic Arts and of Poetry revealed itself in their statues of the gods, in Epos and in Drama, attained to no deep perception of the nature of Music, since they possessed no real musical art. Music in its distinctive character, as afterwards developed, remained to them a closed domain. The same was true also of the first Christian centuries; indeed we can only speak of a really classical art of Music since PALESTRINA. As with the Musical art in general, so with the special kinds of music. The nature of the so-called ecclesiastical and spiritual music was already, with BACH and HANDEL, in the middle of the last century, unfolded in its full peculiarity, without their so much as dreaming at that time of the immeasurable meaning and omnipotence of the pure Tone-Art, that is, of Instrumental Music; in fact this still remained a riddle, when dramatic song music had reached its bloom in GLUCK and MOZART. For then BEETHOVEN had not created the *Eroica*. In this work did the genius of pure music first begin to unveil its deepest, inmost nature.

The world now recognizes Beethoven as the true Messiah of Instrumental Music, and in him the essence of this form of Art is manifested in the most comprehensive and the deepest manner. And then again Beethoven is the tone-poet, who has most richly developed the single branches of instrumental music; the solo Sonata not less than the more comprehensive string Quartet, and this

not more than the gigantic work of Symphonies. But it is the Symphony above all, which has glorified the name of Beethoven; in that you think involuntarily first of Beethoven; he and it have grown together by as intimate a tie as GOETHE and his "Faust." Just as Goethe's peculiarity is revealed to us most deeply in his deepest work, the "Faust," so Beethoven's Symphonies give us the deepest insight into his nature, at the same time that they reveal to us the inmost peculiarity of pure Tone-Art, its richest fullness. Let us approach then these creations, with the hope to gain a genial image of their general and special characteristics, which may fill us with admiration for the creative power of the master and for the lofty signification of his works. — But first a brief consideration of the immediate predecessors of Beethoven in the realm of Symphony, of HAYDN and MOZART, will be useful.

HAYDN is the acknowledged founder of the Symphony. The Symphony developed itself in him out of the pianoforte Sonata, and one may safely call his symphonies, of which he has written a very great number, Sonatas for the orchestra. And this in regard to form, as well as substance. The forms of the Haydn symphonies seem, in comparison with Beethoven's, small; the single pieces (movements) of these works move in scarcely larger form-relations than we meet in Sonatas for the pianoforte. As to the subject-matter of the Haydn symphonies, it is throughout quite simple, at bottom not essentially, specifically distinct from that of the Sonata; its horizon limited, in comparison with the boundless perspective in Beethoven. We recognize the difference here between the child's and the man's circle of vision. In these tone-works we find expressed the careless cheerfulness of the child, his playful joy, his wanton, roguish humor, not the deep earnestness of manly life, not the proud, self-conscious joy of the man. Where Haydn oversteps that child-like sphere, where the child seeks to play the part of youth and manhood, there appears his limit. This is proved by a Symphony of this master, which he has called the "Military Symphony." The subject-matter of this work has not in the remotest degree the military character, unless you make the roll of drums and crash of trumpets in the second movement point to that; but even this passage seems so naive, so corresponding with the whole, which is pervaded by the most child-like, harmless spirit, as to betray at once the innocent and playful child, concerned about nothing less than military matters. But in that limited sphere Haydn appears so rich, so multifarious, so sound, and so original, that on this ground itself, as well as on the ground of his significance in the history

of Art, he is justly counted among the heroes of the art of Music.

It is a consequence of this peculiarity of Haydn's artist nature, that his orchestra wants the significant individual richness of Beethoven's. The child lacks the individual significance of the man's organs of expression. And so in the Haydn orchestra we miss the lifesome characteristics of the single instruments, the use of each according to its peculiar nature. It is merely the alternation of the sensuous charm and of the coloring of the instruments, which determines their separate introduction; it is not called out by any inward necessity of lending to a precise ideal subject-matter, this or that precise expression through this or that precise instrument. Hence in these tone-creations the dramatic soul-life of Beethoven does not unfold itself; the pure lyric element predominates.

With MOZART, too, the Symphony is still thoroughly lyrical. Otherwise, however, Mozart distinguishes himself entirely from Haydn, at least in his principal symphonies, both in form and substance. The form of his leading works in this kind is larger, broader, although it is essentially the Haydn form, in contradistinction to the freer form of Beethoven. The working up, or treatment, as it is called, is richer with Mozart; indeed in the last movement of his great Ode Symphony he wrote a fugue composed of four independent themes. In regard to subject matter Mozart distinguishes himself from his predecessor by greater significance and depth. It is enough to allude here to the G minor symphony of this master, in which work Symphony first takes for its theme the earnestness and sorrow of man's life, and in which there resound moods far removed from Haydn's child-like nature. Accordingly the world of instruments in Mozart's symphonies becomes a richer, more inspired world. We miss the individualizing power of Beethoven, but quite as little do we find the insignificant and child-like play of Haydn. In the "song-delighted," "song-abounding" Mozart the single instrument approaches the expression of the human voice, it acquires a soul. And now that instrumental music, or rather now that the genius of Symphony had, in the final fugue of the C major symphony of Mozart, so subdued and spell-bound the severe elements of Counterpoint, that these could receive into themselves the charm of Melody; now that free Melody had so got the upper hand of the strict form, all was ready for the Messiah to appear, who with new subject-matter at the same time created a new form. That Messiah was BEETHOVEN.

But not in his first symphonies does this Messianic character show itself; it is only in his third

symphony, in the *Eroica*, as we have said before, that Beethoven begins his epoch-making career. The two first symphonies of Beethoven belong essentially to the first epoch of his artistic creation, in which Beethoven is not yet *himself*, in which he still walks mainly in the paths of his forerunners, Haydn and Mozart; so that these works might be in many respects ascribed to one of these two masters; a remark which bears application to the charming Septet and to the first Symphony. One who can feel as high a degree of enthusiasm for these works, as for the later peculiarly Beethovenish creations, gives evidence that he has not received into himself the latter works with true feeling and understanding, and may take a lesson from Beethoven himself, who regretted having written his first twenty works. Nevertheless, *ex ungue leonem*. Already in his first works the later Beethoven does not deny himself; the genius flashes through them here and there. This is especially the case with the symphonies, which we are now to consider in an æsthetic point of view.

The first Symphony (21st work) in C major still breathes the Haydn spirit altogether; it is distinguished by a certain child-like feeling; a careless, guileless cheerfulness pervades the whole; a purely lyrical outflow of feeling predominates in the work; the forces, which are so active in the completed symphonies, still slumber; as yet no presentiment of the coming greatness is awakened. How could Beethoven, when he wrote this work, have anticipated that it would not be very long before he would compose the *Eroica* and finally the Ninth Symphony! In Beethoven's first symphony we have throughout the Haydn form, as shown especially in the second and fourth movements. Nor does the instrumentation enjoy as yet the significant individual life of the complete Beethoven creations; there is no pregnant characteristic stamped upon the instruments; all is still too colorless. This follows from the spirit and contents of the work, from the whole artistic step of development, on which it stands. The child cannot yet show the individuality of the man. And the first symphony is filled entirely with the child-like spirit. But even in this work the bold originality of the master announces itself palpably enough, and in a remarkable manner at the very beginning. The first chord of the symphony is a dissonance. Significant indication of a genius, which has been called one steeped in sorrow, but whose real nature was not sorrow; or rather it was this, but not only this; it was joy; and that too not without sorrow; but such joy as is born of sorrow, the fulfilled, highest joy, joy achieved through struggle. And so that dissonance proceeds to resolve itself into pure consonance. And so we find the ideal, organic relationship of the child-like C major symphony with its later sisters, above all with its last sister, the Ninth Symphony; thus it stands no more forsaken and alone there in the Beethoven world, it reaches its hand out friendly to its sisters. We take this hand and with it we approach the second symphony, in D major (36th work.)

It is another life that comes to meet us now. There is youthful fire in these tones; there is a bold, spirited, self-conscious marching and storming away upon the arena of Symphony.

Here, on the other hand, we have a love-intoxicated yearning, a dreamy languishing and tender

supplication, which often seems to lose itself in sweet self-forgetfulness. But then again it roars and storms away in youthful extravagance, in unbridled ecstasy, as if to enjoy thus the fullness of its being, of its power. A type and compendium of true youthful life. Beethoven in this work has ripened from the child into the youth, and this sketch indicates the ideal purport of the second symphony. Courage and energy is the main character of the first movement; the tender longing and soft languishing of love are mirrored in the thoughtful *Larghetto* in A major; unbridled joy and youthful overflow of spirits in the third and fourth movements. So storms away, so loves and so enjoys the youth. But the youth's circle of vision, the field in which he moves, is larger and more comprehensive than that of the child; the youth breaks through the narrow limits, which are set before the child, and moves in freer paths and forms. And so Beethoven necessarily in this work proceeds in larger forms. Hence all is more extended than in the first symphony, the periods become richer, for the master has more to say. To be sure, the pure lyric principle prevails decidedly in this work; the *Larghetto* is kept lyrical throughout; but in the first and fourth movement the dramatic life penetrates into this lyric palpably enough.

Beethoven already begins to move in opposites, although these opposites still lack the pregnancy and the decision, shown in the later symphonies. I may allude here to the two leading themes of the first and last movement, which reveal the contrast of the spirited, the resolute, the strong and self-concentrated on the one hand, with the mild, the soft, the gentle on the other; perhaps one might say of the masculine with the feminine; whereas in the themes of the first symphony no marked difference and peculiarity appears, but rather a certain homogeneity of character. But all this necessarily, as we have said, is conditioned and called forth by the peculiar idea of this work. And this also causes, that the world of instruments in the second symphony is a richer one, more fondly individual and more inspired.

If now Beethoven in the second symphony appears a greater man than in the first, if already "the eagle soars into the space of heaven," yet it is only in the third symphony that he first soars with complete success.

[To be continued.]

Verdi's "Rigoletto."

Rigoletto is rather tragical. A frivolous duke, full of curses and anathemas; a mad jester, elopements and rope-ladders, seduction, a lady of somewhat easy virtue, banditti, and a very suspicious sack; all this, in our opinion, is far from comic. But is there not some merit, that the composer has somewhat softened all this horrible stuff by the adoption of a lighter character in his music? There was a time when it was quite fashionable to attend the performances of such tragedies. At that time the romantic school of VICTOR HUGO had, at last, triumphed; and the Parisian public hailed the powerful genius of the author of *Ernani* and similar works. Time has swept away the romantic school as well as its founder; (poor Victor Hugo! his love of the romantic, even in politics, has driven him into exile;) but unfortunately, it has left one of his darkest works, *Le roi s'amuse*. Verdi, who was fond of the romantic horrors of the French, and even of the German school, and owed to them one of his best inspirations, *Ernani*, chanced one day to find the above, now almost forgotten tragedy of the French dramatist, and at once de-

cided to make an opera upon it. But as the French names, and other accessories of the original, would not answer for certain musical purposes, the plot had to be Italianized; and instead of *Le roi s'amuse*, the public received *Rigoletto*. The plot, which we copy, is nearly the same.

"The Duke of Mantova was no less celebrated for his personal bravery and beauty than for his systematic and profligate inconstancy. At the commencement of the opera, he is troubled in spirit by a passionate love for two beautiful women: one the Countess Ceprano, the other an *incognita*. His Jester, the hump-backed Rigoletto, suggests that he should steal the Countess away from her husband, and dispose of him by poison or otherwise. In the midst of this conversation, the Count Montèrène forcibly enters, and confronts the King, demanding reparation for the dishonor of his house through the shame and desertion of his daughter. The Jester, mimicking the voice of the King, scorns and insults the old noble, who, repelling this insult by indignant words, is seized by order of the King, and conveyed to prison. Ere he goes he solemnly curses the heartless Jester, who could mock the sorrows of an agonized heart. The courtiers, even with all their habitual moral indifference, were outraged at the insolence of the Jester. Each of them had some wrong to right, some bitter, pointed sarcasm to resent; and, with one accord, they vowed vengeance upon Rigoletto. One said that the hump-backed buffoon had a mistress whom he loved, and it was determined that night to steal her from him. Rigoletto, in the dusk of evening, with the curse of the old lord weighing heavily on his heart, goes towards his home. He is accosted by Sparafucile, a bravo by profession, who, seeing his troubled look, offers, for a small sum, to put an enemy out of his way; saying, that he keeps a retired inn, and that his sister, who is very beautiful, lures the victim into the house where he is quietly made away with. Rigoletto refuses his assistance; but takes his address. He approaches his home, and meets near by, not his mistress, but his daughter. He urges her to keep close within the house; and after a tender interview, he leaves her; when the Duke, who has tracked his *incognita* from the church, steals in unperceived, and hears that she has observed him often, and loves him. He makes himself known to her as a young student, and vows of mutual affection are exchanged. Hearing footsteps, he leaves, and she enters the house. Maskers approach; they are the conspirators come to steal away his supposed mistress; they are about placing the ladder against the terrace, when Rigoletto enters and discovers them. They pretend that they have taken his advice, and have come to steal the Countess Ceprano; that he must assist them. He agrees; they put a mask on him, and tying it with a handkerchief, literally blind him. While they ascend, he holds the ladder. They come forth, bearing away the Jester's daughter, who screaming in despair, invokes her father's aid. The Jester, tearing aside the bandage, beholds his daughter in the arms of the conspirators, who bear her away in triumph. Gilda is borne by the conspirators to the palace, and placed in the apartment of the Duke, who is wild with delight at the unexpected appearance of his beloved. Rigoletto pursues his enemies, and at last tracks them to the palace; he seeks the Duke, but the courtiers stop him. They learn that they have mistaken the daughter for the mistress, and half regret the part they have played. Suddenly, Gilda rushes from the chamber of the Duke into the arms of her father. They quit the palace, Rigoletto vowing a terrible vengeance on the Duke. The plan is laid, and the scheme begins to work. The sister of the bravo, Magdalen, has been thrown in the way of the fickle Duke, who, quite forgetting Gilda, throws his whole soul into the pursuit of the new beauty. At last, the end of the contemplated tragedy approaches. The Duke is to visit the house of Sparafucile, who agrees with Rigoletto to murder him, place his body in a sack, and deliver it to Rigoletto at one o'clock. The Duke, disguised, arrives, and becomes more wildly enamored of the beautiful Magdalen; Rigoletto and his daughter Gilda observe and hear him through the open window; Gilda is heart-broken at the falsehood of her lover; but Rigoletto bids her be comforted—she shall be avenged. He sends her home, assures himself that the bravo is true to him, and then retires. A terrific storm has now set in—rain, hail, thunder, and lightning; the Duke vows he must stay all night, and the bravo consents to let him have his bed. The Duke retires. In the mean time, Gilda, disguised in man's attire, approaches the house stealthily; she could not rest; she fears for the life of her faithless lover. Trembling amidst the pitiless storm, she overhears the sister pleading

to the brother for the life of the handsome stranger, whom she has learned to love. The bravo says his honor is concerned, and the man must die and be delivered at one o'clock. But he consents at last, that if any body else should arrive before that time, to make him the victim and spare her lover. The clock strikes half-past twelve; Gilda hears it; there is no time to be lost. In the pureness and holiness of her love, she determines to give her life to save his! She knocks at the door, it opens; she enters, it is closed. Rigoletto advances in the storm and darkness, knocks at the door; Sparafucile brings forth the sack, receives his pay, and retires. Rigoletto, gloating over the idea of his consummated revenge, before committing the body to the river, prepares to untie the sack that he may gaze upon his victim, when from the house he hears a voice, a voice he knows—the voice of the Duke. Whose body is contained within the sack? His hands tremble, his heart beats, and with a cry of horror, by the aid of the flashing lightning, he discovers the features of his beloved child! She still breathes; and blessing her lover and her father, dies in his arms. The curse of Monterone is accomplished."

The appearance of *Rigoletto* in Italy, Paris, London, and Vienna has been marked with success; not one of those brilliant successes which accompanied *Ernani* through Europe, but a quiet, acceptable success. It has pleased, especially where the rôle of Rigoletto, which requires an actor of the first order, has been committed to able hands. But its success must be attributed not alone to this, but also to some charming pieces of music contained in the opera. There is, for instance, the duo, Gilda and the Duke, in the first act: *Signor re principe*, and the succeeding very brilliant and grateful aria of Gilda: *Caro nome che il mio cor*, which must sound very agreeably to dilettanti, and which will prove very effective. The rôle of the tenor is decidedly the best treated by the composer, so far as regards melody. The aria in the second act, *Parmi veder le lagrime*, and the canzone in the third act, *La donna è mobile*, prove this sufficiently; they are the freshest and the most natural in the opera.—The part of the baritone (*Rigoletto*) interests more by the dramatic resources it calls forth than by happy melodious phrasing. The grand scena where the poor father, under his jester's mask, has to conceal his anxiety for his stolen daughter, is, in a musical sense, rather too—*schottische*. The most pleasant piece of the whole is undoubtedly the quartet, *Un di, se ben rammentomi*, one of those encore pieces which sometimes decide the fate of an opera. Whenever and wherever it has been performed, its repetition has been demanded; and we doubt not the same will be true here. It is extremely pleasing, well adapted to the different voices, and very effective.

We need not say that the music of *Rigoletto* is thoroughly Italian, modern Italian; that is to say, as music a little worse than Donizetti. This is quite natural. If one pursues the same path which others have tried before him, he must of necessity be always behind them. But for all that, if well given, *Rigoletto* will please the public, and—*voilà tout*.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette*.

Auber's "Muet de Portici" (Masaniello).

The following is a summary of the dramatic and Musical situations of the Opera.

The First Act opens in the Royal Gardens of the palace of the Duke of Arcos, with ladies, knights, peasantry, &c., assembled to witness the nuptials of *Alphonse* and *Elvira*. After a chorus of rejoicing *Elvira* enters, and in a brilliant air expresses her happiness. A Guaracha and Bolero are danced, at the termination of which the festivities are disturbed by *Fenella*, the dumb girl of Portici, rushing in to claim the protection of *Elvira* from the pursuit of *Selva* and soldiers. *Fenella*, in action, depicts her sad history; she has been the victim of some unknown Cavalier, from whom she has received a scarf; she has been arrested and imprisoned, but has escaped from prison, her life being in danger from the musket of a sentinel. *Elvira* promises to protect her, and then enters the chapel with *Alphonse*. The chorus invoke a blessing on the newly-married, but during the ceremony in the chapel *Fenella* has recognized in

Alphonse her seducer; the soldiers prevent her entrance, and the dumb girl hears, with dismay, that the marriage rites are completed. On the return of *Elvira* and *Alphonse* from the chapel, the former presents *Fenella* to him, and then *Elvira* discovers that he is the betrayer of the girl she has protected. The finale of this Act paints the varied emotions in this scene of disorder and excitement.

The Second Act opens on the sea-shore, in the environs of Portici. Fishermen are assembled to greet the rising sun. *Masaniello* is seen brooding over the sufferings of his countrymen; his comrades call upon him to cheer them with his songs: he sings a Barcarolle, promising that the day of freedom will soon come, and impressing upon them the policy of caution, "to throw their nets with silence and skill, to make their prey more sure." *Pietro*, the friend of *Masaniello*, then enters, and an impassioned duo succeeds, in which the grief of *Masaniello* for his missing sister and the mutual resolution of the friends to strike a blow for freedom are expressed. *Masaniello* perceives *Fenella*, who is about to throw herself into the sea, but recognizing her brother, she descends from the rock, and, in animated signs, conveys to him the history of her wrongs and sufferings. *Masaniello* vows revenge, and in a spirited finale rouses his comrades to arms, *Pietro* and *Borella* assisting him to organize a rising of the people.

In the Third Act, after an Air by *Elvira*, are depicted the varied aspects of a Neapolitan market-place, amidst the turmoil and confusion of which are slumbering the stormy passions of an enraged populace. After a Tarantella, the attempt of *Selva* to arrest *Fenella* is the incentive to the insurrection, and she is rescued from the soldiers by the fishermen. *Masaniello* then gives the signal for the general rising, and before the people rush to the combat, they kneel and sing the celebrated Prayer which has immortalized Auber as a composer.

The Fourth Act opens in *Masaniello's* cottage. In an Air, he deplures the day of horror and slaughter, and laments that he has not strength of mind and resolution for such an enterprise. *Fenella* enters and depicts the disorder of the city, and she sinks exhausted with fatigue. Auber has composed a beautiful melody universally known as "*L'Air du Sommeil*," in this situation. At the termination of this air, *Pietro* enters and excites *Masaniello* to further revenge, announcing that *Alphonse*, the son of the Duke of Arcos, has escaped. The fishermen retiring for a moment, *Alphonse* and *Elvira* enter the cottage and demand protection from *Fenella*, who at first is disposed to take revenge, but is moved by the appeal of *Elvira* for mercy. A concerted piece ensues, in which *Masaniello* promises safety and defence to *Alphonse*, and on *Pietro* denouncing him as the Viceroy's son, he adheres to his pledge of hospitality, and consigns *Alphonse* to the care of *Borella*, *Pietro* and his companions vowing vengeance. The sail in the background of the cottage being withdrawn, the magistrates and citizens enter and present *Masaniello* with the keys of the city and royal insignia in token of submission, and he is proclaimed king by the insurgents, the Act concluding with a grand march and chorus in his honor.

In the Fifth Act, Mount Vesuvius is seen in the distance, the fore-ground being the Viceroy's Palace. *Pietro* sings a Barcarolle with his companions who have just left a banquet. *Borella* enters and announces that troops are in march against the fishermen, that Vesuvius is even conspiring against them, as an eruption is impending, and that *Masaniello's* reason has fled, unable to resist the horrors of the revolt. *Masaniello* enters, and his insanity is manifested beyond a doubt. He is, however, roused by *Fenella*, and learning the approach of the foe, once more heads his companions. In the fight, as *Alphonse* announces to *Elvira*, *Masaniello* is killed by his own comrades, and, on his fall, the soldiers are successful in defeating the revolted fishermen. *Fenella* joins the hands of *Alphonse* and *Elvira*, and, in despair at her brother's death, plunges from the terrace into the burning lava from Mount Vesuvius, the crater of which emits torrents of fire and smoke.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Consecration of the Infant.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRÜN'S "LAST KNIGHT."

In yonder castle-chapel, upon the infant's brow
The consecrating fountain hath poured its waters now;
His eyes, then, heavenward lifting, cried Salzburg's
holy man:

"In God's name I baptize thee—MAXIMILIAN!"

O Eleanor and Frederick! sure, till this very day,
No star upon your union had smiled with friendly ray;
But proudly now beholdeth, in blissful, fond embrace,
Lisboa's high-souled daughter her purple consort's
face.

The glittering ring of courtiers around the cradle
blaze,

Thus early to such splendor to train the infant's gaze;
Lenora brings her darling—ha! that impassioned kiss!
Forgets that she's a princess in all the mother's bliss.

But lo! I mark, unbidden, beside that cradle stand
Two other guests—none sees them in all that stately
band;

The one of lofty stature, a fresh and blooming dame,
A grim, old sage the other, with bowed and withering
frame.

We give the haggard grey-beard the name of Death—the wife,

So lovely and so stately, is called among us Life;
Unseen, amid the circle they stood, and thus began
To speak his fair companion the bony, pale old man:

"To which, now, shall this infant belong—to you or
me?

A kingly crown awaits him—then mine he sure must
be.

A king—all's one whichever the man be, bad or good;
No king on earth died ever, with hands quite clean of
blood.

"He is not yet accustomed to taste of life's sweet
breath,

It will not pain him now, then, to be dethroned by
Death;

Happy if now he perish! His heart shall never know
At once a monarch's torments with all a monarch's
woe.

"This lamp of life extinguish—quench now these in-
fant eyes—

A thousand lives are blooming, he else shall sacrifice;
A thousand eyes shall glisten with joy, instead of woe;
Where he one day plants graveyards, should then rich
gardens glow.

"Dry up this brain: then never shall brood the thought
one day,

How many graves are needed a throne to underlay;
Stop now this blood—then never the people's blood
shall gush

To give his fading purple a dye of richer flush.

"Humanity lies bleeding—kings are its sore com-
plaint;

Though *this* should be the best one that heaven had
ever lent,

His land a bitter sorrow shall suffer for his sake,
When, his fair work half ended, his heart one day
shall break."

Death ceased. In all that circle, I ween, none heard
his voice,

Yet, as he spake, each heart's blood did trickle cold as
ice;

The nosegay at the window was seen to fade and die,
The first-born tremulous tear-drop bedewed the infant's
eye.

"O no! not yet extinguished shall be this eye-light's
glow!

This heart shall throb with rapture, these rose-bud
cheeks shall blow.

I lay my hand upon him—mine is the infant, mine!
A son of life I hail him—this kiss shall be the sign!

"He shall be king, his forehead with gold untarnished
crowned;

Of all life's sons the fairest on earth the King is found;

The towns that now are burning shall be rebuilt one day,
From eyes that now are weeping, wipe all the tears away.

"His hand shall pluck with rapture the wreath of evergreen,
Humanity's pale forehead to crown with hope serene,
And build to Peace and Freedom temples o'er many a grave,
Where Golgothas are blackening and churchyard grasses wave.

"His people's bliss—the pillow his head at night rests on,
His people's hearts—the columns that well uphold his throne:

That deems he aye too little, and these too few by far,
His Chancellor is Confidence, and Love his Almoner.

"And, like the sun in heaven, so floats, though hid from view,

High over his dominions the King's warm blessing too;

Joy dwells in all the hamlets, concord in princely halls,
Rings 'freedom!' from the mountains, and 'Peace!' each valley calls.

"As troops of larks rise pouring their song in morning dim,

So thousand souls go soaring to God in prayer for him;
And where his dust shall slumber, there springs a harvest too,—

All this a monarch may be, and so shall this one do."

Thus, wondrously transfigured, spake Life, and no one heard,

In all that throng of courtiers; her high, triumphant word;

Yet larks, out 'doors, were trilling, spring-breezes swept the space,

And a faint smile, the earliest, played o'er the infant's face.

And, with the smiling infant, smiled the beholders all;
But now the Kaiser, thoughtful, went from the glittering hall;

With his seers and his sages, his watch-tower he climbs,

To read the starry record of the infant's future times.

But Eleanor more warmly around her darling flung
Her twining arms and, fondling, still closer to him clung,

And gazed with look of rapture into his two blue eyes:
"Twin-stars of my good fortune, O ever light these skies!"

C. T. B.

Music in the Society of Friends.

The Society of Friends has at all times opposed the introduction of vocal or instrumental music into the families within the pale of its organization. If we mistake not, music has been expressly proscribed in its discipline. This feature is peculiar to both branches of the Society—the Orthodox and Hicksite—the division in 1828 and '29 having been followed by no marked change in the letter or spirit of the discipline of either branch—at least with respect to the toleration of music. But during the past twenty years there has been a manifest tendency on the part of the younger members of the Society to ignore such sectarian peculiarities as seemed to them merely formal, and having nothing to do with the essence of their religion. The shad-bellied coat and broad-brimmed hat having been cast aside, there is nothing at the present day in the external appearance of the young Friend to distinguish him from the ordinary citizen. It is true that elderly Friends of both sexes still preserve the pristine plainness of their Society in speech and dress, but there are not a few middle-aged Friends who are among the innovators.

In this march of innovation it would be strange if a love for music should not manifest itself among the members of this Society, unless we admit that Quaker nature and human nature differ from one another. That there is really no such difference we find in the fact of the protest against this proscription of music which exists in the minds of

very many, and the practical protests in the shape of piano-fortes that exist in the houses of not a few Friends who reside in cities.

Slow, conservative members of the denomination have deprecated these evidences of a growing degeneracy in the Society. Others, however, have placed a different estimate upon these facts, believing that the desire manifested by Friends to cultivate a taste for music, is an evidence of progress. The question of tolerating this innovation has been in quiet agitation for some time; the matter was settled finally so far as the Society is concerned. The facts as we have been able to collate them are as follows:

A year or two since a Friend residing in Madison-st. was brought before the monthly meeting of the Hicksite Friends of this City, because he had purchased a piano-forte and had the same in his house. The fact was not denied, but it was averred that the offending Friend had ever been an exemplary member of the Society, and further, that the piano had not caused any visible deterioration in his religious zeal, piety or morality. But the monthly meeting was not satisfied with this and the sense of the meeting, as expressed by its clerk, was that the offending Friend should be disowned.

The disowned member was not satisfied with this decision and he appealed to the quarterly meeting. There the decision was confirmed. He again appealed to the yearly meeting which sat in this City last week. There the subject was fully canvassed. The good character of the offending Friend was fully sustained by ample testimony. But there was the piano—a hideous contrivance when viewed through Quaker spectacles—still standing, and probably in perfect tune, in his parlor in Madison-st., and the New-York yearly meeting confirmed the righteousness of the decision of the inferior tribunal. We believe that the piano is still standing there, but its owner has ceased to be a member of the Society.

The decision is a very important one in its consequences. It seems that there are about forty Friends in New-York, who, with their families, are liable to the same condemnation. Most of them stand high in the Society in every respect, except in entertaining a taste for the tabooed art. Among the number is at least one preacher. Under the decision of the yearly meeting, the monthly meeting of course will commence casting out the remaining offenders until the Society is purified of all music-loving persons.—N. Y. Tribune.

Mlle. RACHEL.—The main articles of the contract signed by Mlle. Rachel, are given as follows:

"Mlle. Rachel engages to give, in fifteen months, two hundred performances in America, including the Island of Cuba, for the sum of twelve hundred thousand francs, or 6,000 francs for each performance. She will receive, each evening, that sum from the receipts, and her brother was to be provided in advance of departure from Paris, a security of three hundred thousand francs in specie. Mlle. Rachel and her father, will defray all expenses of the travel and hotel. She will have two chambermaids, in each town, and a carriage with two horses will be put at her disposal. She will be entitled to four benefit performances, with twenty thousand francs guaranteed as the minimum proceeds of each. She can rescind the contract by giving her broker six months notice in advance. If she completes her appearance, the father will be entitled to one third in the benefit of the daughter, after three millions of receipts, and Mlle. Rachel will be entitled to a proportion of said benefits, after four millions and a half of receipts."

Musical Chat-Chat.

The European papers announce the death of CAMILLE PLEYEL, the celebrated pianoforte maker in Paris, a man much loved and respected. He was son of the composer, IGNAZ PLEYEL, whose graceful instrumental works were so much admired in the early part of this century, and was born Dec. 18th,

1788. He died in his sixty-seventh year, May 4th, 1855. His father, anxious that he should be an artist, placed him under the classical tuition of DUSSEK, who made him a pianist of the purest taste, as (it is said) his own compositions show. KALKBRENNER declared that the three pianists with the best gift for improvisation were HUMMEL, CHOPIN and PLEYEL. Few persons (says the *Gazette Musicale*), except his intimate friends, have had an opportunity to convince themselves of this, "for he possessed that modesty which becomes more and more rare among our most admired pianists." Associated with his father for some years in the manufacture of pianos, he established in 1825, with Kalkbrenner, the house of Pleyel & Co., which has been highly flourishing during the thirty years that he has been at the head of it. He saw the importance of uniting the artist with the mechanic in such a manufacture, and for some years past has associated with himself M. AUGUSTE WOLFF, "who seems the natural heir of the artist and the great mechanic, so well known for his love of fine instruments as indispensable to the interpretation of the fine works of the great masters of the art." His pianos received the gold medal at the Expositions of 1827, '34, '39 and '44. He was named a member of the Legion of Honor in 1834, and in 1849 was excluded from the competition "as having already reached the apogee of merit in the construction of pianos of all kinds." The house of Pleyel sends out from 1,400 to 1,500 pianos annually and employs about 350 workmen.

They have in Paris a society called the *Calco-Philharmonic*, composed (if we may judge by the name) of the lovers of brazen harmony. There is a composer among them, M. BELLON, who actually writes symphonies for brass instruments. This exceptional sort of symphony should place him high among the class of musical innovators and originators, so much desiderated by friend FRY and others.

Mme. LABORDE after all returns to the Opera. A judgment of the civil tribunal has declared the contract with M. Crosnier valid, in spite of the husband's opposition, and she must execute it under penalty of 50,000 francs damages. . . . VERDI's new opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, was to be brought out in Paris in a few days.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* mentions two new works of interest to music-lovers.

"A new biography of MOZART is announced by OTTO JAHN, (German), made up from 3,000 letters of the great composer. CASTIL BLAZE writes and publishes the first of two volumes with this promising title: '*Theatres Lyrique de Paris*, (L'Academie Imperiale de Musique), a Literary, Musical, Choreographic, Picturesque, Moral, Critical, Facetious, Political and *Galante* History of this Theatre from 1645 to 1855.' Another volume is to follow on the Italian Opera, and another on the Opera Comique. If I might judge from what little I have read, for my sins, of Castil Blaze's writings, I should say that this book would not be an important contribution to literature or to documentary lore. I venture to guess that old anecdotes—doubtful and scandalous—occasional facts and dates easily to be got at, floating about in a sea of watery comment, that must pass for the original portion of the work, are the components of Castil Blaze's volumes. They cost seven and a half francs each."

A musical Bostonian, over the well-known signature of "L'Aboueyr," is writing pleasant letters from London about music, art, &c., in the *Evening Gazette*. He suspends judgment about the music of *Il Trovatore*, though he seems to have found much to delight him; but his memory was certainly at fault when he wrote: "After a few bars of introduction of great beauty of instrumentation, the curtain rose," &c. Now the few bars of introduction chance to be three long,

lugubrious rolls of the kettle drums and nothing else; or they have an improved version of the opera in London.

The *Atlas* reminds us that MAX MARETZKE, for whose benefit *Rigoletto* was announced for last night, has been seven years in this country engaged in the conducting of Italian Opera, and that under his conductorship twenty-three different operas have been produced before an American public for the first time. . . . Mrs. EASTCOTT, the American prima donna, late of Naples, is in London (as we learn from the *N. Y. Musical Review*); so too are BOTTE-SINI, the contrabassist, Mme. FLORENTINI, the prima donna, and SALVI, all recently in America, and it is rumored that BADIALI (may the fates forbid!) is soon to join them. . . . ROSSINI, by advice of physicians, has gone to Paris to recruit himself. Such was his dread of steam, that he insisted on travelling the whole distance from Florence by *vetturino*. . . . The copyrights of certain operas have yielded the publishers, Messrs. BRANDUS & Co., of Paris, the following round sums: *Robert le Diable* \$30,000; *Masaniello* \$30,000; *La Favorita*, *La Juive*, and *Le Domino Noir*, each \$20,000. . . . VON FLOTOW has written another opera, called *Albin*.

The bronze statue of BEETHOVEN has arrived in New York. It will be placed in the Boston Athenæum gallery for the summer, until arrangements can be made for properly placing it in the Music Hall, when, probably in the autumn, by way of solemn prelude to the musical season, it will be duly inaugurated, not without grand and fitting music, such as the Choral Symphony, &c. We have seen (at the house of the donor) a plaster cast of the bust, of the full size, which is considerably larger than life. It is indeed a grand, a noble head, more suggestive of all the great qualities of Beethoven's life and music than any bust or portrait we have ever seen of him. We doubt not CRAWFORD has produced the Beethoven of the world so far. No element, of massive strength, depth, fire, earnest, spiritual struggle, suffering, sweetest ideality and love and tenderness, seem wanting in that head and face. Its presence filled the room, so that through a long evening, listening to music, we could not keep our eyes from it. Once, while a fine composition of FRANZ SCHUBERT was being played, the Jove-like head seemed actually to nod, as when he said of Schubert living: "This young man has the true fire in him!"

From a French paper we translate the following: "At Balaklava every day the bands of the garrison give concerts in the square. The birds, who know very well the hour when these musical soirées in the open air commence, assemble in innumerable multitudes upon the trees and roofs of houses. The first piece is heard in profound silence; but the moment the second piece begins, the winged songsters join in and make such a hubbub, that a flute or obœ solo can scarcely be heard twenty feet off."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1855.

Boston Theatre.—Italian Opera.

On Friday evening of last week *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given. This afforded opportunity for Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZKE to assume for once the principal rôle, after the very pleasing impression she had made in the boy's part in "Tell." The lady has certainly gained both in voice, style and action since she was last above our lyric horizon, several years since. Her Lucia was really a fine performance, and called forth

hearty and repeated plaudits. Her execution of its elaborate and florid melody was neat, artistic and effective; an eminently clever, not an inspired, effort. In singing and in acting all was conscientious, thorough and consistent. Some of her tones, especially the high ones, are very pure and silvery and powerful; others, as of old, especially on certain vowels, have a singularly pinched and Frenchy quality, which sounds as if the reed of the throat were pressed and forced beyond its power of free vibration. You notice it in rapid running passages, where the outline of the musical figure comes out full and bold in one part, and is pinched and smothered in another.

BRIGNOLI's rendering of the music of Edgardo was delicate, pathetic, pleasing; but he lacks strength for such a part; he was no match for the orchestra and BADIALI and chorus in the great sextet of the second act; and he had to husband his forces for the lamentable finale by the omission of the challenge scene with its strong masculine duet. BADIALI was of course a grand Enrico; COLETTI's Raimondo was satisfactory, only that his best piece was omitted; and the Herren BEUTLER and QUINT, with their German conscientiousness and truth, made the secondary part of the captain of the huntsmen, and the husband, Lord Arthur, more acceptable than they were wont to be, as heard so often out of tune and murdered. The forester choruses of the first scene were well done, and the ensemble was generally good. *Lucia* we are inclined to place next to the *Lucrezia* among DONIZETTI's operas; it has many sweet, pathetic, gracefully ornate melodies, some fresh, effective choruses, a sextet which will endure as long as anything in modern Italian opera, and the benefit of a story which is dramatic in the best sense. But it has the fault of a too protracted monotony of lacrymose, sentimental sweetness, which makes it tedious in the end. The charm wears out.

On Saturday afternoon *Il Trovatore* was given for the third time, and with much the same kind of success as before; there being a sufficiency of fresh audience to offset those whose appetites already were beginning to crave other and more nourishing food.

The present week has been a week of benefits, closing our feast of opera, with this afternoon's performance, for some time to come. First came the benefit of Signorina FELICITA VESTVALI, Monday evening, when Donizetti's best opera, at least the one that wears best with the music-lovers here as elsewhere, his *Lucrezia Borgia*, was again performed in about the most satisfactory manner as a whole that we remember in the long series of operatic seasons, in which it has always borne its part here. Rather a droll, eleventh-hour controversy has been raging in some of the newspapers during the past week on the merits of this opera; one of the high contending parties fortifying his condemnatory criticism thereof by liberal citation of the musical authorities of London journalism at the period of its first production there—the *Athenæums*, *Spectators*, and the like. To any one who knows the strength of English prejudices in the matter of music, and who remembers how these same authorities once scouted much which is now commonly held classical; how they greeted each successive work of CHOPIN with contemptuous satire; how they sneered at poor BELLINI as a feeble imitator of ROSSINI; how they (some of them, at least,) not many years

ago joined in the hue and cry of crazy man against BEETHOVEN, now the god of their idolatry, such appeals will carry little weight. Meanwhile there is no work of the Italians since ROSSINI, which the most musical and most exacting among the frequenters of the Opera seem so glad to have repeated as *Lucrezia Borgia*. Nor need one look beyond the work itself to find the reason thereof. In the first place it is one of the best constructed operas as to dramatic unity and progress; its characters are interesting, individual and well contrasted; its situations apt for music; it mingles the naïve and the festive with the romantic and the tragic; it relieves the fever heats and chills of passion with frequent and as it were accidental peepings in of natural sunshine and summer, conveyed in the genial luxury of the music. Then the music itself abounds in spontaneous beauties and felicities; there is a freshness and unbidden charm in many strains in little incidental scenes and passages, which do not seem to claim to pass for much, but to have flowed out of a truly genial musical mood, like so much in "the Barber," and in works of Mozart; for instance, that accompanying the encounter of the two spies, the choruses in the street, &c.; and the whole of the festive chorus in the first scene, and the music of the banquet scene, is genial, lifesome and refreshing, with a bright and rich Venetian coloring. And how dramatic is much of the music! Take the passage in that stirring first scene, where the nobles one by one accuse and taunt the Borgia: *Maffeo Orsini, Signora, sun' io*, &c.; take the trio and the whole scene between the duke and duchess; take the whole of the picturesque contralto rôle of Orsini. Surely we have to look among greater and deeper tone-poets than the modern Italian opera has been blessed with, to find music which is at once so dramatic and so musically genial and refreshing withal. With good interpreters, we cannot wonder that it still proves a sure card.

The good interpreters we had that evening. STEFFANONE's *Lucrezia* was from first to last one of the finest lyric impersonations we have ever witnessed, short of GRISI, and in the same school essentially. Her voice was remarkably at her command that night, and she looked, sang and acted splendidly. Indeed, there were points in the great scene with the Duke, which surpassed anything that we have seen before; as where, after exhausting all her powers of menace and persuasion, she throws herself into a chair, before the wine of Borgia is administered. VESTVALI looked and moved more beautiful and manlike than ever, as Maffeo Orsini, and sang better than we had before heard her. Her rendering of the Brindisi had a certain ecstasy of refined voluptuousness in it, which seemed original, peculiarly hers; but the exaggeration of the low contralto tones still deducted from the artistic enjoyment of the whole.

BADIALI, in voice, style and bearing is never so magnificent as in the part of Duke Alfonso, and never seemed he more so than on Monday. Signor BRIGNOLI lacks still the sustained power of voice for so trying a part as Gennaro. He shades too much of his music into *sotto voce* to save himself for a few strong phrases or isolated notes; yet there is great purity and sweetness in his singing, and he has a sympathetic quality of voice that grows upon you. Of the excellence of the *ensemble* we need add nothing to what was

said last week. After the curtain fell, and the artists were called out, Signorina Vestvali returned and, with that ready genius for all sorts of languages which characterizes the Slavonic races, read in correct, clear English, and with that certain charm of accent which reminded one of Kossuth, a little speech full of grateful and graceful acknowledgments, much to the enhancement of the whole charm of the evening.

On Wednesday evening the performance was for the benefit of Signora BALBINA STEFFANONE, when we were sorry to see the house very far from full. This was perhaps owing to the want of novelty in the programme, and even seemed to indicate the waning popularity of *Il Trovatore*, which formed the bulk of the entertainment, the first act only being left off and the glorious second act of "Tell" given in its place. It was a real satisfaction to listen once more to that admirable music, for the second act is musically the best; only it is too rich and full of musical ideas for popular effect, requiring to be heard many times, and sure to repay the more closely and repeatedly it is observed. Moreover the protracted series of recitative, air, trio, chorusses, single, double and triple, by male voices only, probably needs the lighting up of some soprano to make it catch the flagging general attention. But the trio of the three patriots, and that magnificent music accompanying the oath, and all the little orchestral ideas and harmonies which represent the arrival severally of the three cantons,—what have we had so satisfying to listen to, since we had *Don Giovanni*? It would have been better policy, we think, to give also the first act of "Tell," in which there is so much that is fresh and sparkling; a sombre, night-fall coloring lies over all this second act. Steffanone, though not in her best health, sang well her air: *Sombre foret* and duo with Arnold. Sig. Bolcioni was not always quite in tune; yet the act as a whole was well performed, Badiali and Coletti doing full justice to the music of Tell and Walter Fürst. We must say the music of the *Trovatore* (so much as we heard of it) suffered by such comparison.

NEW OPERAS.—The Italian troupe leave us with a taste of two new operas—that is, new to us.

First, *Rigoletto* was the attraction for last night, on the occasion of conductor MARETZKE's benefit. *Rigoletto* was the last production of VERDI before the *Trovatore*. It is the seventeenth upon his list of operas and was first produced in 1851. We have already (Vol. III., page 82) given a very good description of it from the *Athenæum*, and to-day we copy the story from the libretto with some just comments by one of our New York contemporaries. We write before hearing it; but an examination of the score inclines us to the opinion that the music in itself is considerably better than that of the *Trovatore*. It has more relief; more that is light, genial, sparkling, alternating with the tragic; more felicitous ideas, more luxury of melody and accompaniment. Both works abound in dance rhythms. The difference would seem to be that in *Rigoletto* the dance music means real dancing and feasting, whereas in *Il Trovatore* it means roasting alive. The plot is as absurd and monstrous as that of the *Trovatore*; but the characters are more individual and interesting; it admits of more scenes that are

light, natural and agreeable; it is not all wrapped in the lurid atmosphere of horrors, not so much of the harrowing kind from first to last.

The other is *Masaniello*, AUBER's most important work, which is to be given by way of farewell of the Italian troupe, and for the benefit of Sig. BRIGNOLI, the young tenor, *this afternoon*. Next to "William Tell," this work should excite more interest here than any which this company have offered; and we could have wished that it might not be given merely on a Saturday afternoon. Naturally the artists thought it as familiar in Boston as it is in almost all other musical cities. But it is as good as new to us,—at least to the present generation of opera-goers. A sort of English abridgement of it was given many years ago here, we believe, by the SEGUINS; and the more salient pieces of the music, the overture, the barcarolle, the prayer, the dances, &c., have long floated on the musical atmosphere which we all breathe. All the more should we rejoice at an opportunity to hear the famous work for once in its entirety.

RICHARD WAGNER has pointed out the striking relation in which "Masaniello" stands to "William Tell." We are tempted to re-produce the passage. He is speaking of the renovation of Opera from popular melodies, begun by WEBER:

... And now the grand hunt for popular melodies broke loose. . . . Our Frenchmen were quickly on their feet; they merely looked into the hand-books for tourists, and set out in person to see and hear, upon the spot, wherever any bit of popular *naïveté* was to be found, both how it looked and sounded. . . . There, in the beautiful and much defiled land of Italy, whose musical fatness Rossini had exhausted with such elegant complacency for the lean world of Art, sat the careless and luxurious master and looked on with a wondering smile upon this rummaging about of the gallant Parisian popular melody hunters. One of these was a good rider, and when he got off from his horse after a hasty ride, people knew that he had found a good melody, which would bring him in much gold. This man rode like all possessed through all the fish and vegetable markets of Naples, till every thing flew around about his ears, scoldings and curses followed him, and threatening fists were raised against him,—so that with the lightning-speed of instinct he snuffed the idea of a magnificent fishermen's and market-men's revolution. But there was still more profit to be made out of this! Away to Portici galloped the Parisian rider, to the barks and nets of those naïve fishermen, who are singing there and catching fish, sleeping and throwing knives, stabbing and killing one another, and still singing on. . . . The rider rode home, sprang from his horse, paid Rossini an uncommonly gracious compliment (he knew well why!), took the extra post to Paris, and what he there got ready in the turning of his hand was nothing more nor less than the *Muette de Portici* ("Masaniello").

—This "Mute" was the now speechless-grown Muse of the Drama, who, sad and lonely in the midst of singing and tumultuous masses, wandered about with broken heart, only at last from satiety of life to smother herself and her irremediable anguish in the artificial fury of the theatrical volcano!

ROSSINI looked on from afar upon the gorgeous spectacle, and when he journeyed to Paris, he thought he would just stop and rest awhile under the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and listen how the healthy and brave fellows there held musical communion with their mountains and their cows. Arrived at Paris, he paid Auber his most gracious compliment (he knew well why!), and placed before the world, with much paternal joy, his youngest child, which by a happy inspiration he had baptized "William Tell."

The "*Muette de Portici*" and "William Tell" became now the two poles of the axis, about

which the whole speculative world of opera music turned. A new secret for galvanizing the half effete body of the opera had been found.

Query: if the mute Fenella typifies the speechless Muse of the effete Opera of twenty years ago, have we not the final plunge into the fiery volcano in the lurid works of Verdi?

The opera this afternoon (which, please observe, commences *half an hour earlier* than usual) is to be followed by the last scene of *Lucia*, in which our townsman, Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, is to make his first and only appearance in opera, since his return from Italy, as Edgardo. It is an event of no ordinary interest, and will stimulate the competition for good seats.

Has Musical Taste Improved among us?

MR. EDITOR:—I was pleased to read an article in your tasteful "Journal," a short time since, reflecting upon recently made intimations that Boston was declining in musical culture and appreciation. I think the circumstance you mentioned of the many private gatherings for the enjoyment of classical music, is ample refutation of these charges; although I have no doubt but many persons, from want of knowledge that such gatherings are frequent, have a strong conviction that want of patronage to musical entertainments results from a want of real musical taste in our community.

But I must think quite differently. It would seem rather that this want of patronage has a contrary cause,—that it exists because the tastes of those who can afford to pay good prices for good music is elevated by continued cultivation until they desire something beyond what they have offered them in the concert room.

Some are fond of sneering because a well appointed Italian opera troupe will draw good houses, while a most exquisite singer of English opera warbles to empty benches. But the cause of this seems plain. The English troupe had but one or two real attractions. One prominent member was at least a dead weight: some would speak more harshly than even that. The Italian troupes which have succeeded have done so by strong combined attractions in the form of *artists*, to say nothing of the music. This is one very evident key to their superior success. Another is, that very many of our citizens have learned to appreciate the niceties of artistic vocal music and to value it above a mere understanding of words. English Opera is,—much of it,—mere talk; some of it even weaker and more aimless talk than the regular drama will allow: hence the very many who visit the Theatre from pure love of music, stay away when English opera is announced; while its dramatic attractions are insufficient to gather those who merely wish to see and hear a Play. Partly from this reason then, and partly from lack of much other attraction than the single one of LOUISA PYNE's exquisite vocalization, English Opera was not as successful as Italian. These thoughts aid me in retaining belief that Boston is still musical, and still ready to prove the fact,—still ready to patronize whoever will offer entertainments in accordance with a constantly refining and more exacting taste.

It can hardly be assuming too much then, to say that Operatic Music is winning a decided preference. And again, that class of Opera, which is most wholly music, is gaining ascendancy over that which is partly merely drama.

In this progress may we not soon hope to have offered some of the deliciously entrancing GERMAN Opera?—or failing that, may we not hope to see German Operatic music take a prominent place in concert programmes?

There is a sweetness and purity of bewitching scientific movement in German music that makes it a welcome visitant to the cultivated ear, and I hope yet to see it in high favor with Boston audiences.

I have noticed with pleasure a recent promise of movement in regard to a permanent system of instruction in Italian, French and English Operatic music; and were German included, I should hail the plan with enthusiasm, and predict unbounded success, if the work be followed with diligence and perseverance. There is

material in Boston for an Academy with an object like this, which may become an honor of unmistakable prominence, and afford an amount of beneficial instruction to our citizens, which shall place them beyond a question of their musical appreciation.

Under proper management such an enterprise would succeed, and would then become a fount from which lovers of Music would draw a vast deal of delicious pleasure and solid gratification; and in which those who had rallied to its first aid and support would take an earnest and increasing pride.

ST. BERNARDE.

It strikes us "St. Bernarde," for a grave saint "smitten with the love of sacred song," has seized hold of rather the most secular corner of the subject in the above. His remarks are true as far as they go. But are we to look wholly, or mainly, to the love of Opera, of any kind, for the real test of a progressive, deepening taste for music? Witness the clamorous plaudits with which a melodramatic *Travatore* is received, in comparison with the really musical "William Tell," and judge how far the popular or fashionable support of opera springs from a really musical passion! The singers in the first place (and even then quite as much the actors as the singers,—or it may be only a beautiful or stately presence), and then the plot, the situations, the scenery, the harrowing tragical excitement, seem to have as much or more to do with the success of an opera, than the real merit of the music, in Boston, as in every other place, except it be in Germany.

But we second the Saint's call for German opera; there would be proof of musical improvement in a hearty welcoming and cherishing of that. Only "bewitchingly scientific" is scarcely likely to become a cant phrase among opera *habitués*; it is in the concert room, in Symphony and Chamber Concerts, and in the private soirées of late so often referred to, that our most real and sincere love of music is to be measured. Because to the concerts go the music-lovers; while in the Opera, that opera will always be announced which draws the greatest number of persons, that is of spectacle and play-goers as well as of music-lovers. The crowded audience of the last work of Verdi is only in small part a musical audience; it is an audience of new comers, young and raw recruits into the operatic army, who are excited and delighted in a musical performance by just that which is the least musical feature in it. When, on the other hand, an opera appealing to the truer love of music as such is announced, these keep away, and the audience is drawn from the of course smaller public of the musical, whose delight is quiet, who make no *furors* even when they are best pleased, and whose "house" is not in the habit of "coming down" in the way that delights managers and prima donnas, and gives the newspaper paragraphists a nice chance to air their stereotyped superlatives.

But looking at our musical public, properly so called, although it may be small compared with the great miscellaneous public, whose eyes so readily yield tears to the red pepper of the most stunning modern opera, yet compared with musical publics elsewhere, we believe it to be both large and highly cultivated and in a sound direction. This everywhere limited public, even if not large enough to support so costly an institution as the Opera and make it partly German, has yet shown in other things, in its love and support of Oratorios, orchestral symphonies, &c., enough, we think, to satisfy our saintly corres-

pondent's most glowing imagination of what is due to the "delicious entrancingness," or the "entrancing deliciousness" of German music.

MADAME DE LAGRANGE.—Our readers will rejoice to read the announcement that this wonderful vocalist, of whom we wrote our impressions after a recent visit to New York, is to commence a series of concerts in the Boston Music Hall on Monday evening. She will be accompanied by the other distinguished artists of her troupe: namely, Sig. MIRATE, one of the first tenors of Italy, who sang in Milan with Miss HENSLEY; Sig. MORELLI, an admirable baritone; Sig. MARINI, the well known *basso profondo*, and others. We can assure our concert-goers, they will hear some of the most admirable singing they have heard for many a day.

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